

# Save The Last Goodbye

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Summary: A lyrical one-shot where the team is having to come to grips on how to say goodbye to a loved one...

## Save The Last Goodbye

**\*\*Author's Note:** I own nothingâ€¦I own my own words, but I do not own the lyrics of the song (I just love it and it hits home for me)â€¦nada. I make no money from this. I have not even written anything fiction for 13 years so I am really rusty at this. I hope I caught any blaring errors in this. Just a shortâ€¦one shot story as I test the waterâ€¦so to speak.\*\*

"Hello?"

>"Please leave a message after the tone."<br>"Hey, just calling you back. Doing pretty good today actually. Didn't throw up at all.

>Yeah, tomorrow I got this procedure. I think everything's gonna go smooth. There is all.<br>I'm hoping anyway. I need some good news for once."

\_He was always healthy. Always on the go. Always the Super Seal to those needing help. The one they could depend on if they needed a friend or a savior. So when the weight loss cameâ€¦the showing up late to the office beganâ€¦the darkness around his eyes and the even quieter persona occurredâ€¦those closest to him knew something was wrong. They were quiet at first, but then as time went on they begin to drop hints that he should go to the doctorâ€¦"I am sure it is nothing" they would tell him. He dismissed their pleasâ€¦half of the time acted as if he did not hear themâ€¦until the day he collapsed in the middle of a meeting with the Governor. It no longer could be ignored. Something was wrongâ€¦\_

Don't want to hear it's over

>What a rude awakening<br>The angel of death has come

>And ripped you from my life<br>I can't stand the devastation

>Relentless agony<br>Hope that I get to see you  
>On the other side<p>

\_It came quick. The Angel of Death showed up too fast. It seemed like they had just had a diagnosis and they did not even have enough time to stomach it. Two weeks. Two weeks and he was taken. They seemed to be living the same bad nightmareâ€|the agony of him being goneâ€|was one that they all felt deep into their soul. Crying out WHY? This was not the way it was supposed to happenâ€|

><em>

>Blue sky has turned to blackest night<br>Now you're gone, it just isn't right

\_His friendâ€|his partnerâ€|the one who stuck by him no matter how much shit he got them into. No matter how mad he may have gotten at him...stood at the water's edge watching the blue skyâ€|turn dark as the sun lowered. His friend's home in the backgroundâ€|his friend's empty homeâ€|how the weight of the world seem to be on his shoulders. His best friendâ€|goneâ€|his mind just could not seem to wrap over the factâ€|he was goneâ€|goneâ€|\_

Save our last goodbye

>Embedded in my mind<br>Your face will never leave me

>Save our last goodbye<br>It's killing me that I won't get to hear

>Your laughter anymore<p>

\_Saying goodbye to someone who is dyingâ€|knowing what to talk aboutâ€|does not come naturally. He thoughâ€|heâ€|even in his toughest moments of painâ€|knew what he wanted to talk to his friends about. In his darkest moments he left them behind his laughter at some of the stories of the crazy things he got them into. His eyesâ€|up until they finally closed the final moment never lost the twinkle in themâ€|that final moment the light in them  
\_\_extinguish\_\_â€|forever.\_

What faith I had is broken

>And I question everything<br>And those shards of doubt

>Begin to penetrate my heart<br>With every waking hour

>Within everything I see<br>The shadows of your loss

>Are tearing me apart<p>

\_He had hated him when he first met himâ€|even told him as he worked with him on that first case that he did. But as time went onâ€|he became \_\_k\_\_aikua`ana. They argued as kaikua`ana, but it never lasted for long. And as John 15:13 said "\_\_\_There is no greater love than to lay down one's life for one's friends." So many times his friend shown him what that verse really meant. So many times he literally would take the bullet for those he cared aboutâ€|even those he did not even know. And so many times he thought it would be his friends last time, but his friend proved him wrong over and over. It was tearing his heart and faith to piecesâ€|his friend was not walking away this time.\_

"We're sorry, this mailbox is full and cannot take new messages."

\_No one had turned his phone off yetâ€|the phone company had not. And every one of themâ€|every damn one of them still called

itâ€|hopingâ€|prayingâ€|he would answer it. That it was a bad dreamâ€|hoping to hear his voice.\_

My world is shattered, in disarray  
>I'm beaten down, drained emotionally<br>They say in time the pain goes away  
>But in my soul it will forever stay<p>

\_Six months laterâ€|they had all decided to continue on with the team he had sat upâ€|at least for now. They were ohanaâ€|it was what he would wantâ€|as hard as it was for them. Their hearts still had the pain and their hearts still were not truly back into the game. There was an emptiness in their soulsâ€|there were tearsâ€|there was angerâ€|and there was just plain sadness hanging in the office air. They had left his office just as he left itâ€|could not bear to go in itâ€|could not bear to look at itâ€|and maybe they left it alone in a hope that maybeâ€|just maybeâ€|this was still a bad dream they all were stuck in. One day they would come in and see him sitting at the deskâ€|  
><em>

\_None of them told one another they still called his phoneâ€|even though the box was fullâ€|even though they knew he would not answerâ€|\_

\_Knowing the day would comeâ€|\_

"We're sorry, you've reached a number that is no longer in service."

End  
file.